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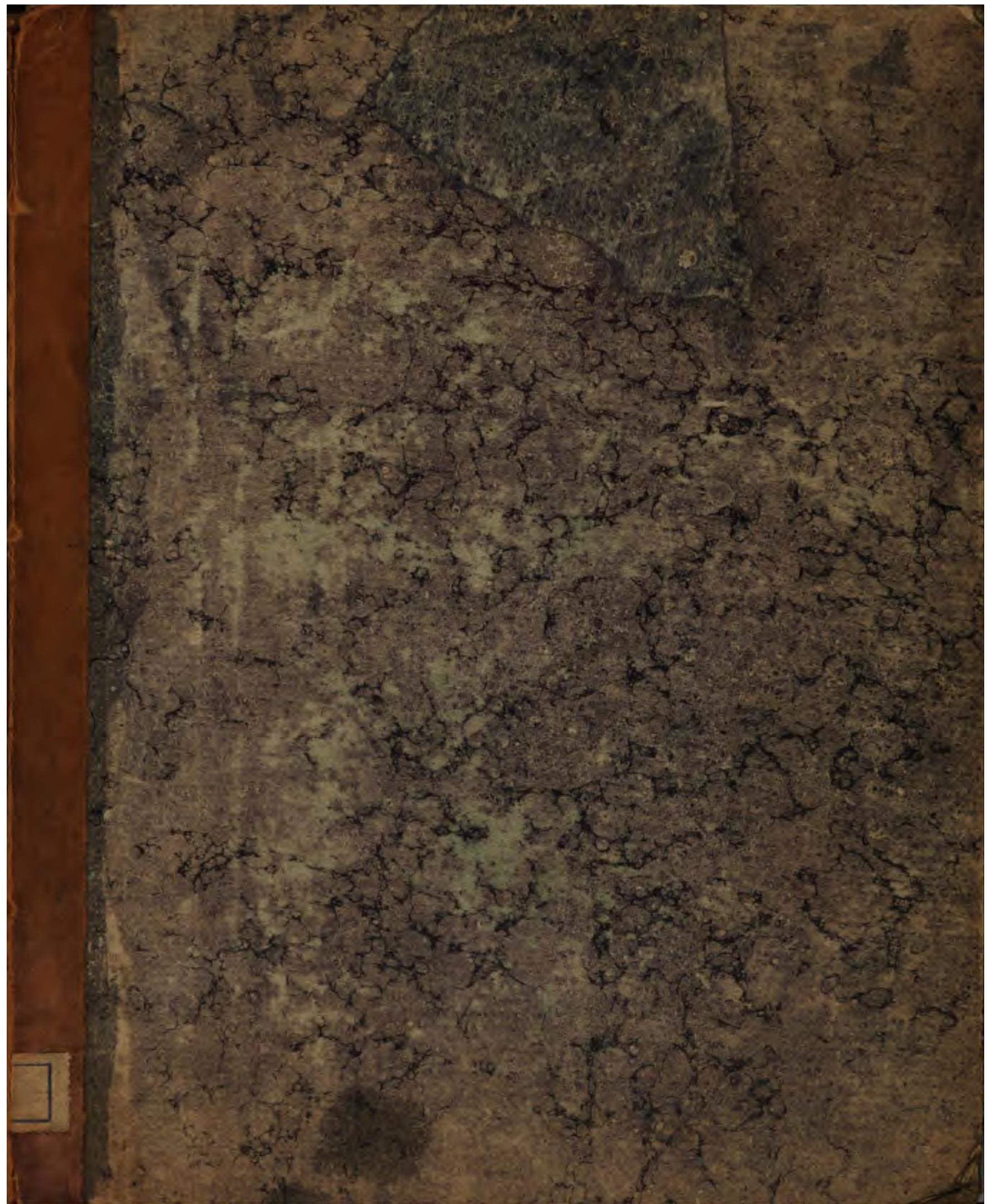
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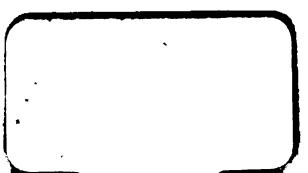


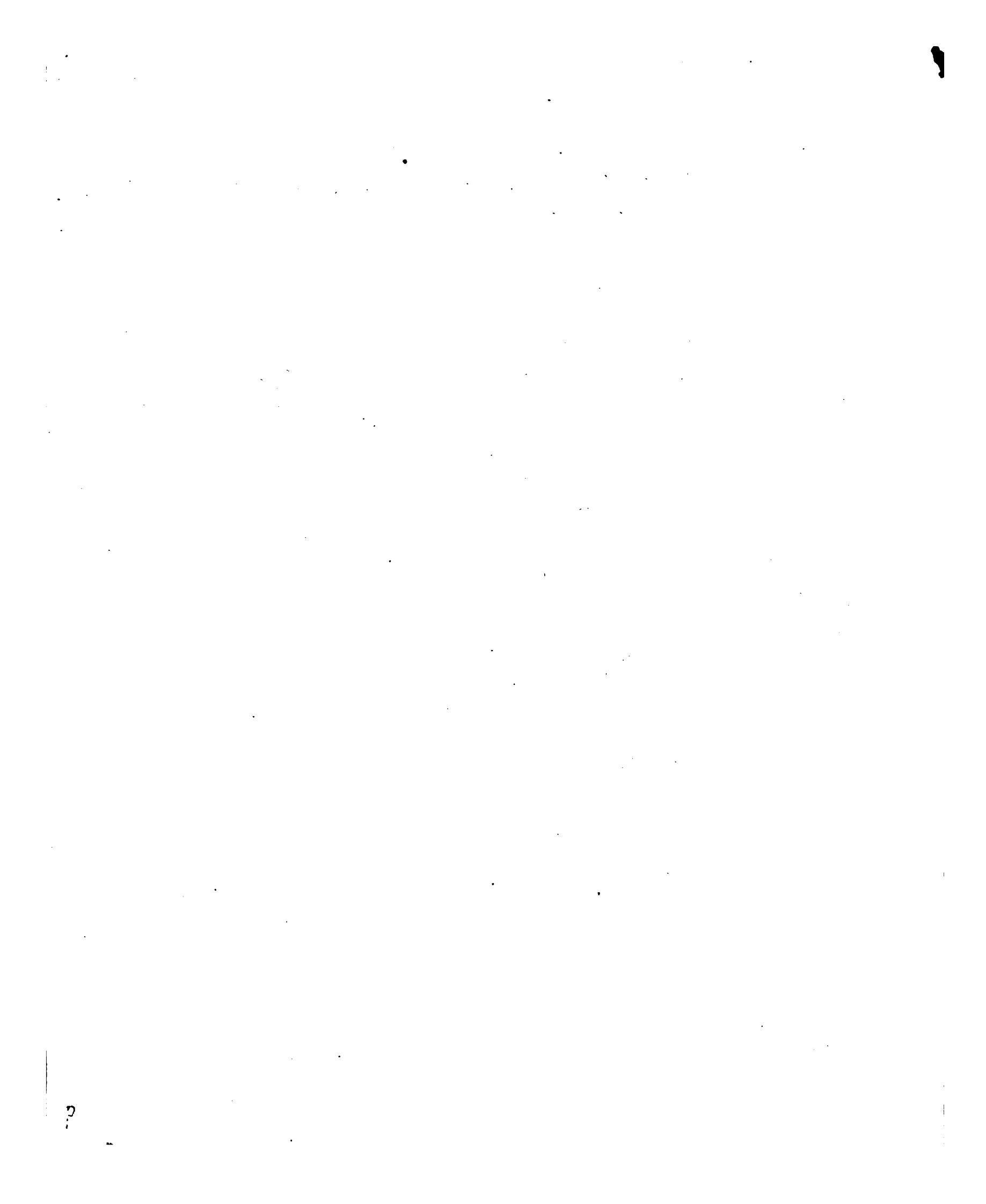
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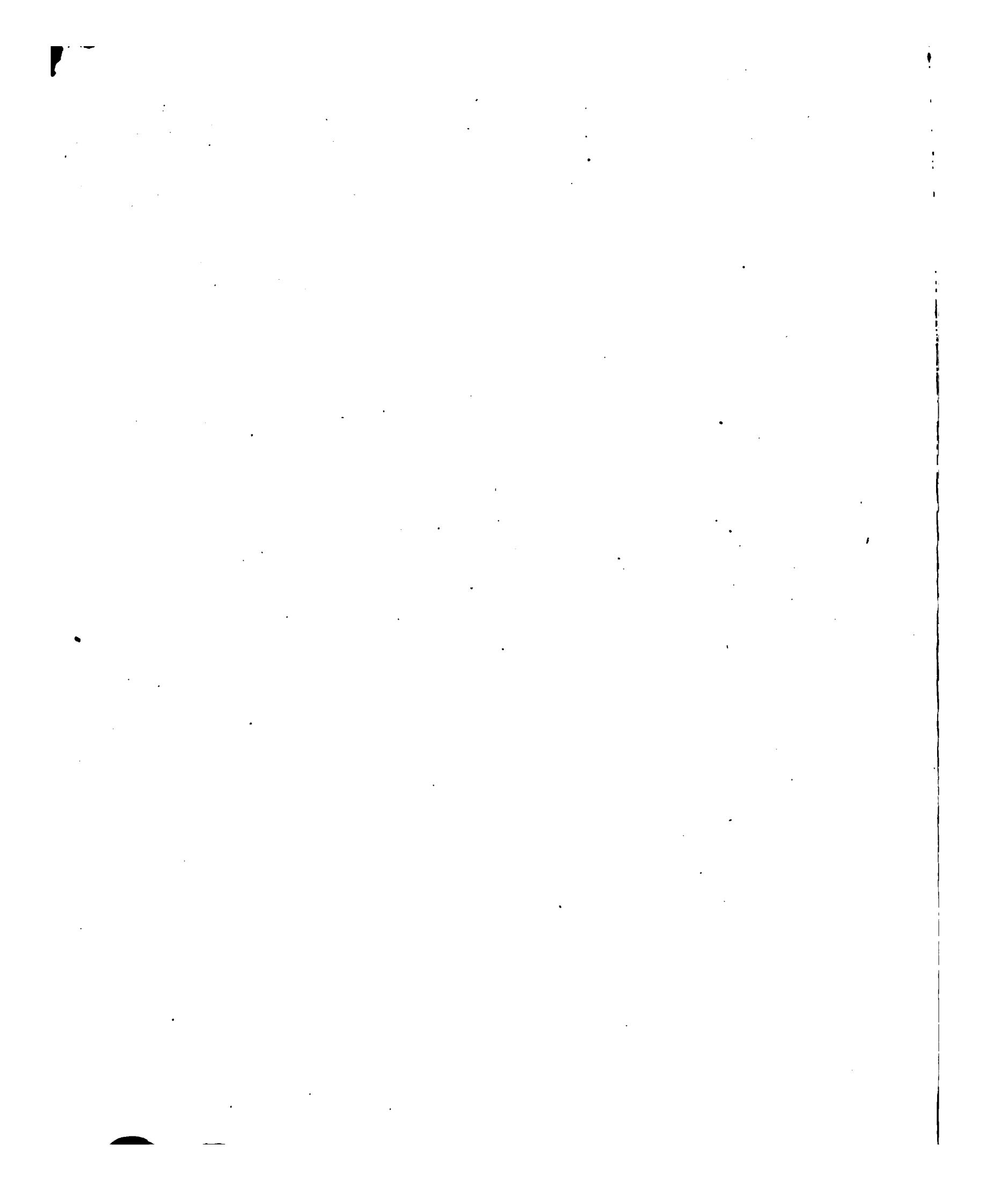
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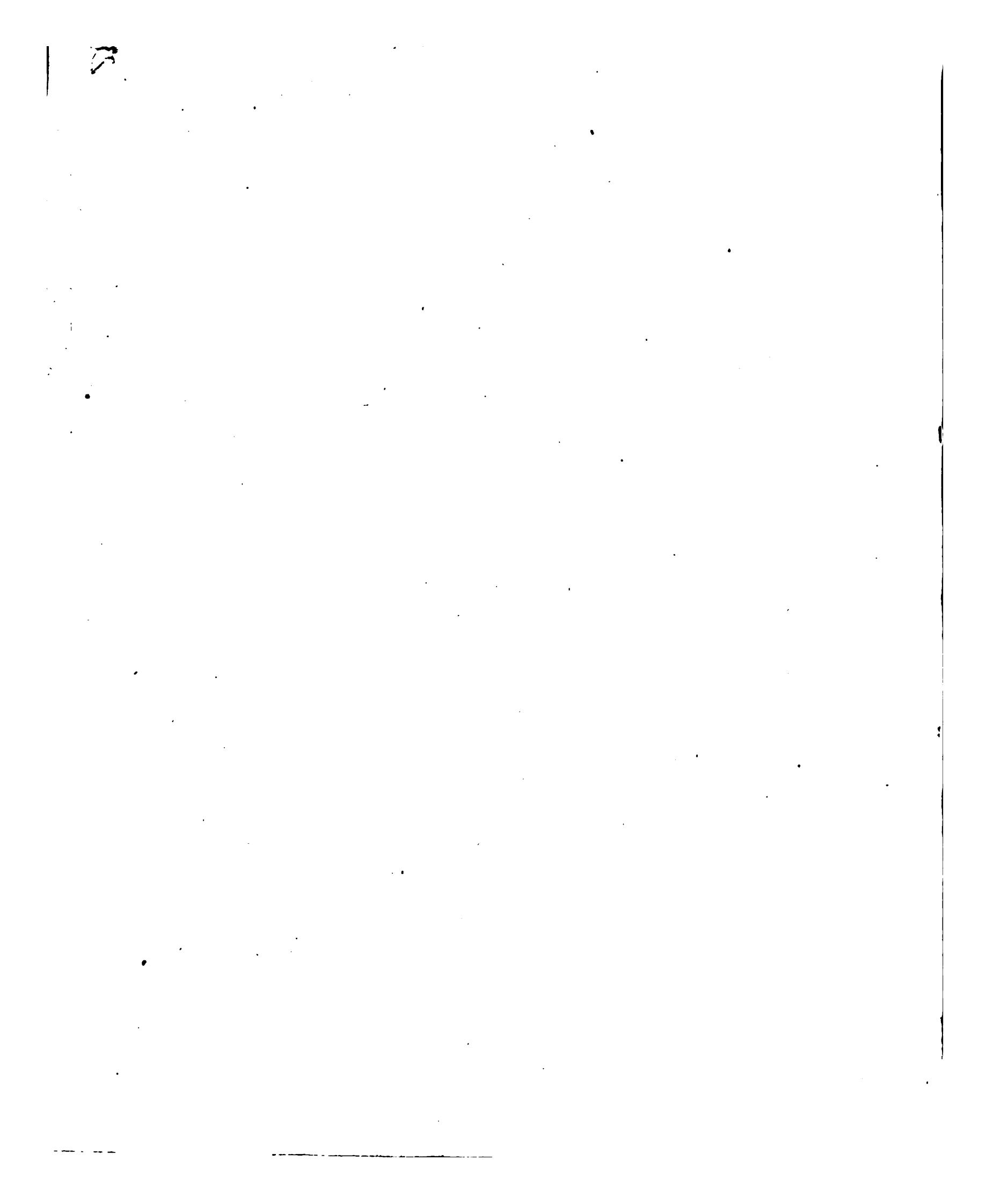
THE

***ANTI-CORSICAN,***

A

**P O E M.**

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THE  
**ANTI-CORSICAN,**

A

**Poem,**

*IN THREE CANTOS;*

INSCRIBED TO THE

**VOLUNTEERS of GREAT-BRITAIN.**

*Vincit AMOR PATRIÆ —*

— *et NOS cedamus AMORI.*

VIRGIL.

---

**E X E T E R:**

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1805.

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TO

THE VOLUNTEERS OF GREAT-BRITAIN,

WHO HAVE NOBLY STEPPED FORTH

TO PROTECT THEIR COUNTRY

FROM THE THREATENED

INVASION

OF A BLOOD-THIRSTY AND AMBITIOUS

F O E,

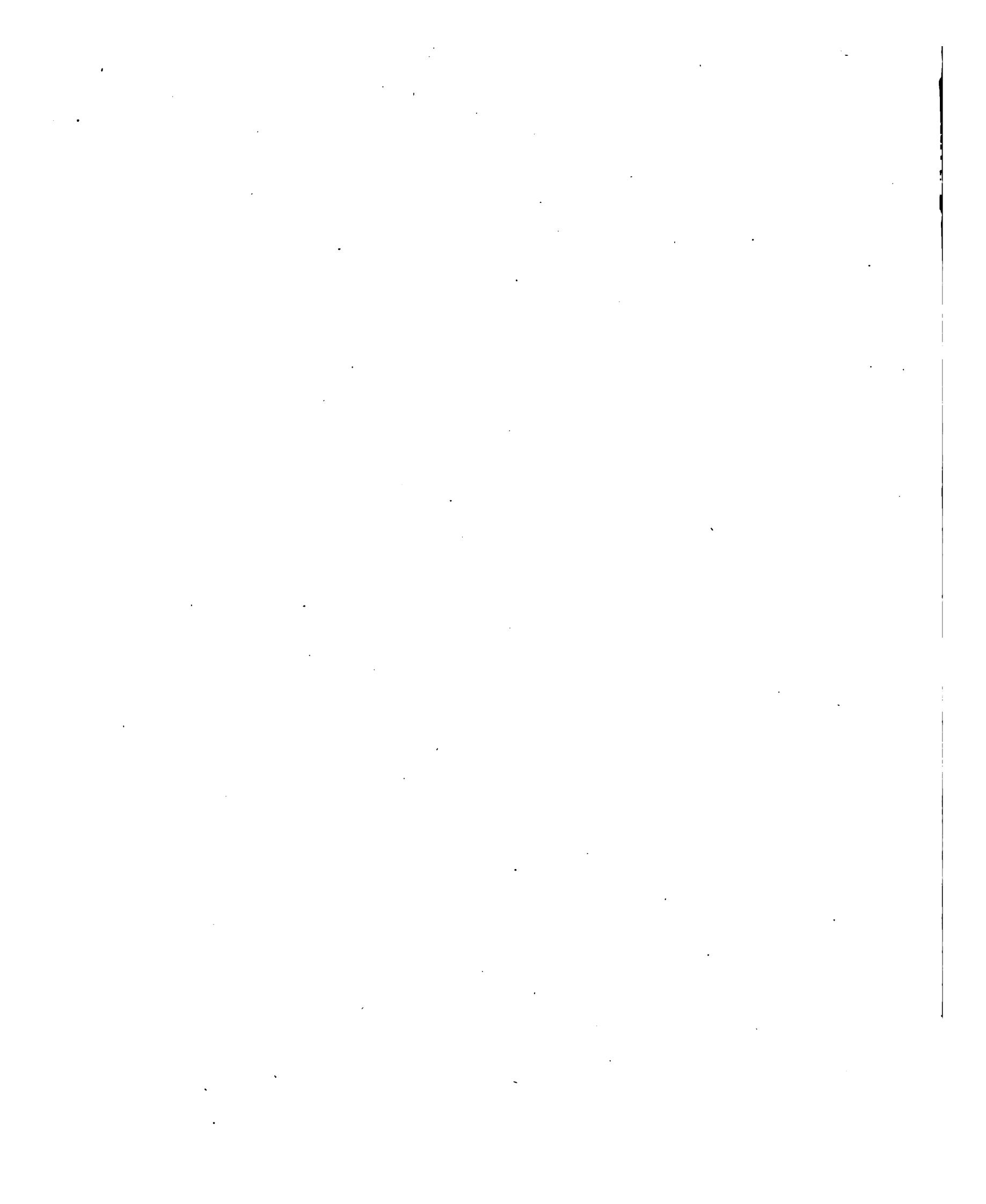
THIS POEM IS DEDICATED,

BY

THEIR WARM ADMIRER,

AND FELLOW-PATRIOT,

THE AUTHOR.

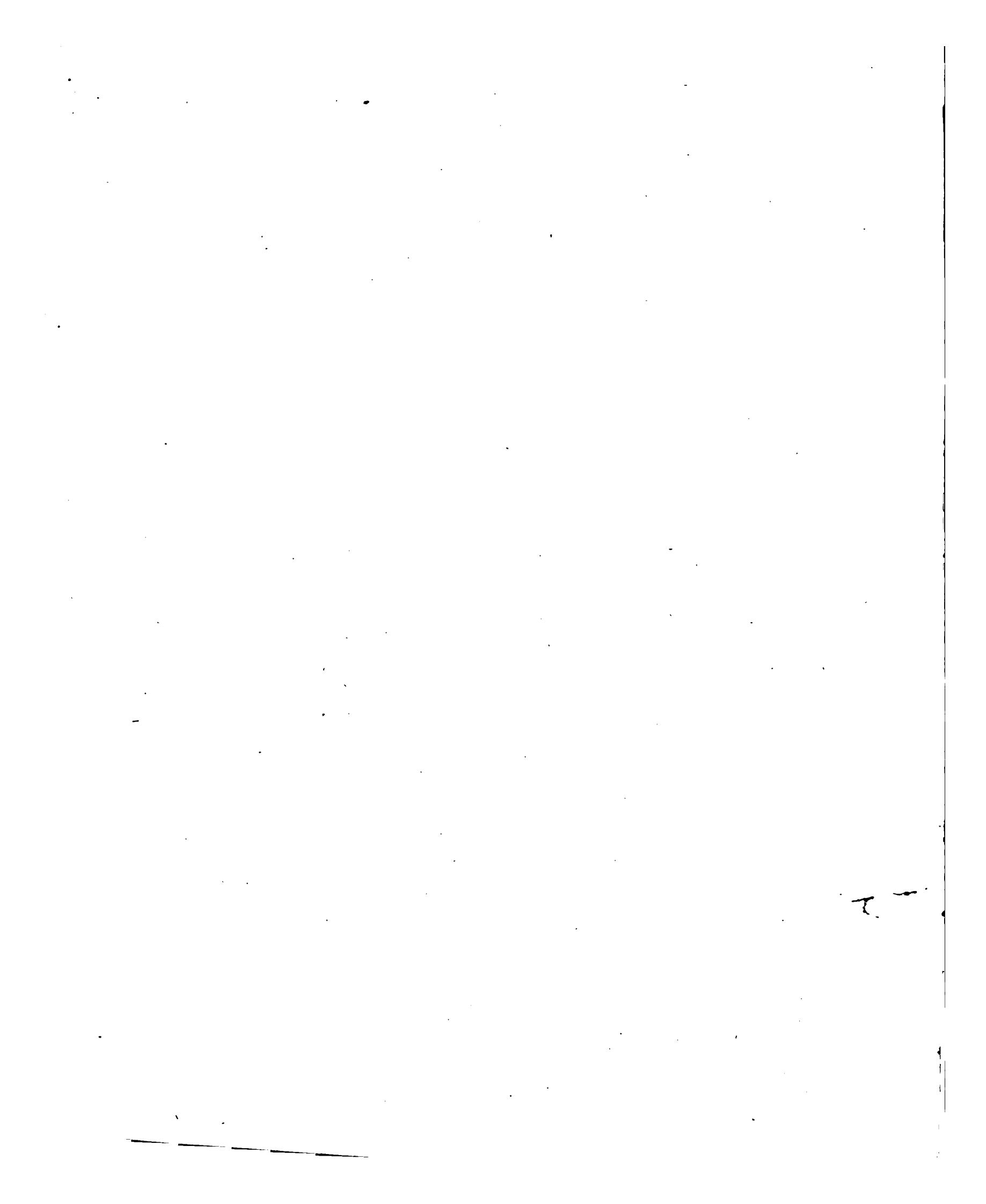


## **ADVERTISEMENT.**

THE AUTHOR hopes, on account of his youth, to obtain indulgence for the following POEM, written during the last Mid-summer vacation of *Midhurst School*.—As he has now quitted this Seminary, he takes the earliest opportunity of publicly acknowledging his many and great obligations to its head Master, the Rev. JOHN WOOL; whose sound erudition, unremitting attention, and suavity of temper, must ever entitle him to the Respect and Love of his Pupils.—To Mr. WOOL the Author may with propriety address himself in the words of HORACE,

“ *Quod placeo (si placeo) tuum est.*”

*EXMOORII, MARCH 16, 1805.*



## CANTO I.

W<sup>W</sup>HILST WAR, in savage lux'ry, has unfurl'd  
His blood-stain'd banner o'er a suff'ring world ;  
Whilst Tyranny uprears his iron hand,  
And grasps convulsive at BRITANNIA'S LAND ;  
Shall ev'ry Muse, confounded by the fight,  
Shun the dire scene, and check her Seraph-flight ?  
Her honest rage repress, nor dare defy  
The TYRANT's gloomy frown and glaring eye ?  
Shall she not rather bid her thunders roll,  
And strike conviction to his guilty soul ?  
Shall she not rather every thought reveal,  
And shew that BRITONS speak what BRITONS feel ?

But can an humble Bard, unknown to Fame,  
Who boasts no MILTON's force, no HOMER's flame—  
Can he, presumpt'ous, sweep the sounding string,  
Infernal deeds of darkest hue to sing ?  
Yes—tho' unmeet from ignorance and youth,  
Still shall he rise, upheld by conscious truth ;

B

Shall

Shall, with his theme advent'rous, dare to soar,  
 And honest strains from free-born feelings pour.  
 So shall the pleasing hope, the fond desire  
 To join the Poet's with the Patriot's fire,  
 Urge his extatic flight to Fame's bright goal,  
 And ev'ry fear, and ev'ry doubt controul.

Thus, when an Alpine Wanderer descries  
 Mountains o'er mountains in wild grandeur rise,  
 Views giant-cliffs his eager steps oppose,  
 (Their cloud-capt heads bleach'd with eternal snows,)  
 The thoughts of Home a cheering throb impart,  
 The thoughts of Home revive his palsied heart,  
 Strengthen each nerve, each frozen sinew warm,  
 And seas of ice to verdant vales transform.

In vain the Poet woos the Heav'n-born fire,  
 In vain, with daring hand, he sweeps the lyre,  
 In vain invokes the Muse's secret aid,  
 Explores her haunts, and courts Parnassian shade,  
 If Freedom favour not the strain divine,  
 Mature each thought, and glow in each warm line.—

Transcendant

Transcendant Freedom, hail ! propitious smile,  
 And bless thy youthful Vot'ry's pleasing toil !  
 Let thy pure spirit, like the orb of day,  
 Diffuse its genial warmth thro' ev'ry lay ;  
 Let manly ardour ev'ry verse inspire,  
 And fill each languid strain with patriot-fire !  
 So shall the Muse her honest zeal impart  
 To ev'ry Council, and to ev'ry Heart,  
 Impel each BRITON to the field of Fame,  
 And make him emulate the ROMAN name.

Happy the Nation o'er whose favour'd Land  
 Fair Liberty has wav'd her blissful wand ;  
 Has fix'd Religion's Empire, and restor'd  
 To THEMIS' hand the balance and the fword ;  
 Has taught the Prince, with all a Parent's zeal,  
 His People's joys, and e'en their griefs to feel ;  
 Has taught the Subject to revere the laws,  
 And draw th' avenging blade in Virtue's cause ;  
 This lot is *Albion's*—Freedom's fav'rite Isle !  
 Plenty and Happiness around thee smile ;  
 O'er thee a Monarch reigns—What Land can bring  
 A Monarch Rival to BRITANNIA's King ?

Who, lov'd by all, to all his love imparts,  
And thinks the noblest throne his People's hearts.

Here, dwells Religion, rational and mild,  
Not Despot-Pow'rs, but soft Persuasion's Child ;  
No Bigot-Phrenzy here, immers'd in blood,  
Commands consent to faith not understood ;  
No Inquisition here, with lawless pow'r,  
Disturbs, by cruel threats, Devotion's hour,  
Nor makes the Wretch with studied tortures groan  
For cherishing a tenet not its own :  
But pure Religion, here, with placid eye,  
Regards Mankind as one vast Family ;  
With love-forbearing ev'ry Sect she views,  
E'en Bigot-Papists and obdurate Jews ;  
Whilst *Britain's* Sons, in conscious virtue bold,  
Explore the fierce extremes of heat and cold,  
To chafe the shades of Superstition's night,  
To shed the Gospel's vivifying light,  
And guide the Heathen's steps thro' fading gloom,  
To Realms of endless bliss—to life beyond the tomb.

Here, with mild sway, impartial Justice reigns,  
Waves wide the sword, and ev'ry crime restrains ;

Th'

Th' Opprest relieves, and bows th' oppressive Great,  
 With high-swon pride, and fancied worth elate ;  
 The bribe, the threat, the promise, all are vain,  
 She hears them not, or hears them with disdain ;  
 Whilst Fraud retires, and Vice wings swift her flight,  
 To lurk in Regions of congenial night.  
 Yet Mercy oft', with smiles of pity, sheaths  
 Th' avenging sword, soft sighs of pardon breaths,  
 And bids the Wretch by heart-felt crimes deprest,  
 Depart, repent, be virtuous, and be blest.

Nor less does *Britain* boast, in war renown'd,  
 Her sinewy Sons, with well-earn'd laurels crown'd ;  
 Some, guide her oaken castles o'er the main,  
 And Tyrant-Pow'r, and Pirate-Fraud restrain ;  
 Some, lead her Armies to th' embattled field,  
 And the death-dealing blade for Freedom wield ;  
 Her fame resounds from ev'ry distant shore,  
 While Nations tremble, wonder, and adore.

But who, by Pleasure led, can always rove  
 Thro' vine-clad vallies or the spicy grove ?

Who,

Who, always fail on tranquil summer-seas,  
 Gently impell'd by each refreshing breeze,  
 Or always feast the never-fated eye  
 On flow'ry meadows and an azure sky ?  
 Full oft' alas ! are Mortals doom'd to roam  
 Thro' dreary deserts, or the midnight gloom ;  
 Full oft' to steer their course where whirlwinds sweep  
 The lab'ring vessel o'er the foaming deep ;  
 Full oft' to dwell where alps on alps are hurl'd,  
 Like the vast wrecks of a demolish'd world.  
 Then turn, my Muse, from *Britain's* favour'd shores,  
 Where Commerce empties all her richest stores,  
 O, turn thy ravish'd eyes, (the change how great !)  
 To where false *Gallia* frowns, with pride elate ;  
 Where, stern Oppression rears his barb'rous hand,  
 Where damning Regicide has stain'd the Land,  
 Where, all is woe !—my Muse, wing swift thy flight,  
 And plunge my fancy in these Realms of night.

Beneath a TYRANT's yoke sad *Gallia* groans,  
 But still this TYRANT's pow'r usurp'd she owns ;  
 obeys, yet murmurs at each fell decree,  
 Thunders for freedom, yet will not be free ;

Her

Her judgement-seats, with tyranny severe,  
 Bid Virtue tremble, and Religion fear ;  
 In vain the mourning Widow seeks relief,  
 In vain the Orphan tells his tale of grief,  
 In vain the Poor resent the rich Man's wrong,  
 In vain the Weak ask justice of the Strong ;  
 The base Distributers of partial laws  
 In semblance lend an ear to ev'ry cause,  
 Equal the balance seems, 'till luring gold  
 Proclaims the Rich—but why the rest unfold ?—  
 Enough of *Gallic* Justice—Fiend of night,  
 Avaunt ! nor check the shudd'ring Muse's flight !

See ! couch'd beneath a sanctity of mien,  
 A fair demeanour, and a brow serene,  
 A baleful Monster stalks, well known to Fame,  
 Offspring of *France*—HYPOCRISY his name.  
 He masks the conscience of the Rich and Great,  
 Pervades the senate and the hall of state,  
 Profanes the Temples of th' immortal *Lord*,  
 And uses, as a snare, HIS sacred word ;  
 In ev'ry crime he bears the foremost part,  
 A Saint in look, a Demon in the heart.

Thus,

Thus, some vast charnel-houſe its front uprears,  
 Fair and magnificent its form appears,  
 But look within—nought meets th' enquiring eye,  
 Save loathſome reliques of mortality.

For HIM, who o'er gigantic *Gallia* reigns,  
 And loads her Sons with Slav'ry's heaviest chains,  
 In him, each diff'rent, daring vice is join'd ;—  
 But let his actions speak his Fiend-like mind.  
 Learn'd Genealogists, declare who can,  
 From what imperial stock proceeds this Man ?  
 Time-honour'd CHARLEMAGNE, does thy rich blood  
 Pour thro' his veins its pure unſullied flood ?  
 Ye BOURBONS, can NAPOLEON's annals trace  
 Their course illuſt'rous thro' your royal Race ?  
 Ah no ! his Mother was AMBITION dire,  
 And black HYPOCRISY his Hell-born Sire !  
 This bold ADVENT'ER, while in beardless age,  
 Resolv'd with all Mankind fierce war to wage,  
 And ſtrive in arms to emulate the fame  
 Of Conqu'rors who immortal mem'ry claim ;  
 Too well he strove, too ſoon did he advance  
 The NERO of appall'd, devoted *France* !

His

His name shall live ; Posterity shall know  
 The hand which wrought deluded *Europe's* woe ;  
 His name shall live, for ever live accurst,  
 As, of all Despots, direst, greatest, worst !

When *BARRAS*, and his fell Compeers had broke  
 Distracted *Gallia* to their Rebel-yoke,  
 Strait they resolv'd to pour her vagrant Bands,  
 Like a fierce deluge, o'er *Italia's* Lands.  
 Worn down, diseas'd, oppress'd by ev'ry woe  
 That Men could feel, or Tyrants could bestow,  
 These hapless Bands, dead to each sense but pain,  
 Appear'd a vast, confus'd, unruly Train :  
 To head this Ruffian-Horde, from *Gallia* driv'n,  
 NAPOLEON ! viler Ruffian far, was giv'n :  
 Fierce Desolation marks his fatal way,  
 Nor *Alp* nor *Apennine* his course can stay ;  
 Pale Horrour sits on fair *Italia's* Shore,  
 And *Po's* wide stream o'erflows with human gore ;  
 " *Livorno's* fainted Guardian<sup>†</sup> shrinks with dread ;  
*Firenze's* Lilly<sup>‡</sup> droops her blushing head ;

<sup>†</sup> *St. JULIA.*  
<sup>‡</sup> A red Lilly in the arms of *Florence*.

*Parthenope's* sweet strains no longer flow,  
 And *Rome's* imperial Eagles shriek with woe.”  
 He fought and conquer'd—Ere one moon had wan'd,  
 O'er *Rome* herself the youthful **Victor** reign'd ;  
 Whilst bord'ring States, fore-doom'd, alas, to fall,  
 Bow'd to the servile yoke of haughty *Gaul*.

With blood-stain'd laurels crown'd, to *France* return'd,  
 Again NAPOLEON's breast for carnage burn'd ;  
 Till, Pow'r imperial op'ning on his sight,  
 Each humbler thought soon urg'd its rapid flight.  
 Soon he resolv'd the fway supreme to gain,  
 And o'er ill-fated *France* despotic reign.  
 But Caution check'd what dire Ambition urg'd,  
 Nor yet the snake from covert grafts emerg'd.  
 With meek demeanour, and with down-cast eye,  
 His plans he form'd—not Envy could descry  
 The hidden purpose of his foul, or trace  
 His secret measures in his well-mask'd face.  
 At length compell'd by BARRAS' ruthless Band,  
 To pour his Legions on *Osiris'* Land,  
 He strove to form the basis of his pow'r,  
 Nor waste in vain parade the passing hour;

This

This done, to distant *Egypt's* shores he led  
*Gaul's* barb'rous Sons, " fit body for fit head."

As when unguided Travellers descry  
A desert drear and vast before them lie,  
Sudden they stop, and anxious pause a while,  
To view, with mental eye, th' approaching toil ;  
Thus, the foreboding Muse restrains her flight,  
Nor springs advent'rous to the dazzling height,  
But turns her mental eye to gory streams,  
And fields of war, where wide the falchion gleams ;  
In fancy hears the last expiring groan,  
And pauses ere she make such woes her own ;  
Ere she with tow'ring wing attempt to soar,  
And lead strong Fancy to rich *Nilus'* shore.  
But ah, vain hope, to soar on *Egypt's* plains,  
Where Horrour dwells, and Death triumphant reigns !  
For, like the fatal tree, in *Java* found,  
Which spreads Destruction's venom wide around,  
Which brings to earth the tenant of the skies,  
A lifeless clod, this scene forbids to rise.  
Indulgent, then, forgive the trembling Muse,  
Her humble strains and earth-born thoughts excuse !

And should Description fail the truth to form,  
 In colours glowing, and expressions warm,  
 Shou'd her bold flight be check'd, to earth deprest,  
 Let strong Imagination paint the rest.

On *Nilus'* shore arriv'd, NAPOLEON strove  
 The direst passions of his Bands to move ;  
 He bade them spare ~~nor~~ Rank, ~~nor~~ Sex, ~~nor~~ Age,  
 But reek on all alike ~~their~~ barb'rous rage ;  
 He bade them scorn the pray'r, the threat, the tear,  
 Nor pow'r divine or human deign to fear.  
 Soon their congenial Chief the Troops they'd,  
 Soon from each scabbard flew the deadly blade ;  
 From Town to Town th' Invaders bent their way,  
 And seem'd to dread no barrier but delay.  
 Here many a pale corse strew'd th' ~~ensangm'd~~ shore,  
 There *Nile*'s fair waters blush'd with human gore;  
 Rich plains where harvests once were wont to wave,  
 Now prov'd, alas ! th' invaded Army's grave.  
 Embattled Bands, commission'd to destroy  
 The Swain's best hopes, and mar his dearest joy ;  
 Too well their task accomplish'd, all they past  
 Became at once a desolated waste.

Soft

Soft Pity wept, and e'en Destruction sat,  
In silent wonder, on the field of Fate.

Courageous, loyal, *Jaffa* long withstood  
Th' assailant Host, still thirsting after blood ;  
Till press'd by Numbers, scourg'd by Famine's hand,  
She bow'd reluctant to the *Gallic* Band ;  
Wide op'd her gates—with blood the falchion gleam'd—  
Fast fell her Sons—her streets with carnage stream'd—  
Yet, tho' by *Gallic* swords full many bled,  
Part to their Prophet's sacred Temples fled—  
Then vain was fierce *NAPOLÉON*'s stern command  
To dye with sacrilege the Soldier's hand ;  
For, when the Vanquish'd sought the hallow'd Dome,  
Not War's fell rage cou'd Reason's light o'ercome ;  
The Victors pitied, and the fane rever'd,  
Whilst e'en their *GEN'RAL*'s threats no more were fear'd—  
Yet he resolv'd to send the *Pris'ner-Train*,  
Tho' now repriev'd, to Death's oblivious reign—  
Too soon the means he found—with new delight  
His visage beam'd, as lightning streaks the night.  
Th' unconscious Victims his vile Minions lead  
From noxious dungeons to th' enamel'd mead ;

Whilst

Whilst on a rising ground his Soldiers stand,  
 Averse, yet doom'd to slay this captive Band.  
 The signal clarion speaks—swift-whirring fly  
 The leaden deaths—groans echo to the sky !—  
 Not SATAN's self, when EVE, with fatal hand,  
 Snatch'd the fair fruit, and brake the dread command,  
 Felt half the joy accrû'd NAPOLEON knew  
 When, from afar, he saw the cannon strew  
 The crimson'd plain with death, saw streams of blood  
 Pour thro' the red'ning meads a vital flood.  
 Mid the fall'n Captives some scarce dead were found,  
 Tho' writhing with the varied mortal wound  
 This, *Gallia's* Sons, less cruel than their CHIEF,  
 Perceiv'd, and flew to give, by death, relief ;  
 Yet long long time elaps'd ere, (dreadful span !)  
 The sword cou'd finish what the tube began.

From scenes like these tho' frightened Nature shrinks,  
 And sick'ning Mem'ry trembles as she thinks ;  
 Tho' with just rage indignant Virtue swells,  
 And the Muse shudders at the tale she tells ;  
 Yet must she now, in horrour-breathing verse  
 A deed of darker, deadlier stamp rehearse ;

Yet

Yet must she paint a scene of deeper dye,  
Whence Hell herself wou'd shrink, whence Fiends astounded fly.

Long had the Legions fought in *Gallia's* cause,  
Her pow'r extending by fierce Conquest's laws ;  
Long the extremes of heat and cold had borne,  
By dangers harraſſ'd, and by labours worn ;  
Till struck by Sicknes' paralyſing hand,  
Friendless and starving in a foreign Land,  
Their ſpirits fank, grief moiſten'd ev'ry eye,  
They ſeem'd the Sons of silent Mifery.—  
This their ſell LEADER ſaw, and quick design'd  
The blackeſt crime that e'er disgrac'd Mankind.

To One,\* whose worth muſt live endear'd to Fame,  
Whilſt deathleſs praise humanity can claim,  
First, by dark hints, his mind was op'd—at laſt,  
(All shame diſcarded and all ſcruples paſt)  
He bade this Man—(ſuch deeds can Heav'n excuſe ?)  
Poison, in ſweet delicious food, infuſe.  
The Lift'ner ſtartern'd, and, in mute ſurprize,  
Fix'd on the guilty CHIEF his piercing eyes ;

\* D'Asſemattes.

Till

Till Indignation, mantling on his cheek,  
Urg'd him thus boldly with Truth's voice to speak.

" Since thou'st reveal'd, in spite of Shame's controul,  
The Fiend-like purpose of thy flinty soul,  
Mark well my answer—mark it, and repent—  
Nor breathe to other ears thy fell intent.  
Here am I plac'd, (perhaps 'twas Heav'n's decree,)  
By *Gallia's* sapient Rulers under thee ;  
Here am I plac'd, to war 'gainst dire Disease,  
And bring each Suff'rer back to health and ease ;  
To sooth the pangs of Thousands, and to save  
Our valiant Comrades from an early grave.  
Shall I, then, *hasten* their impending doom ?  
Shall I *compel* their footsteps to the tomb ?  
Shall I forget my God, and arrogate  
The pow'r of sparing life, or dealing fate ?  
Perish the impious thought !"—By Conscience stung,  
NAPOLEON answer'd not—guilt chain'd his tongue !  
But Conscience, heav'nly Maid, too soon resign'd  
Her transient empire o'er his harden'd mind ;  
Whilst Fiends of darkness urg'd him to pursue  
His black intent, and ev'ry fear subdue.

Yet

Yet was there found fit Instrument of ill,  
 “ Whose poverty consented—not his will :”—  
 This wretched Man, to murd’rous deeds unus’d,  
 With trembling hand the deathful drug infus’d,  
 And, shudd’ring, bade the famish’d Soldiers eat  
 The too alluring, too delicious meat !  
 With thoughtless haste they snatch’d the opiate-food,  
 With grateful eyes th’ o’erlooking CHIEF they view’d ;  
 But soon those eyes they clos’d to ope no more,  
 Save on an unknown Realm, a happier shore,  
 Where no barbaric Fiends their pow’r employ  
 First to delude Mankind, and then destroy.†

SPIRIT OF JUSTICE ! shall so foul a deed  
 Pass unreveng’d ?—shall not the MURD’RER bleed ?  
 Will not THY thunders——Indignation pause—  
 Nor dare to question Heav’n’s unerring laws !

This act complete, the CHIEF new-fram’d his course,  
 And led, with eager haste, his ev’ry Force  
 To join those Legions which, round *Acre’s* wall,  
 Their lines had drawn, resolv’d to work its fall.

† See SIR ROBERT WILSON, and *The revolutionary Plutarch*.

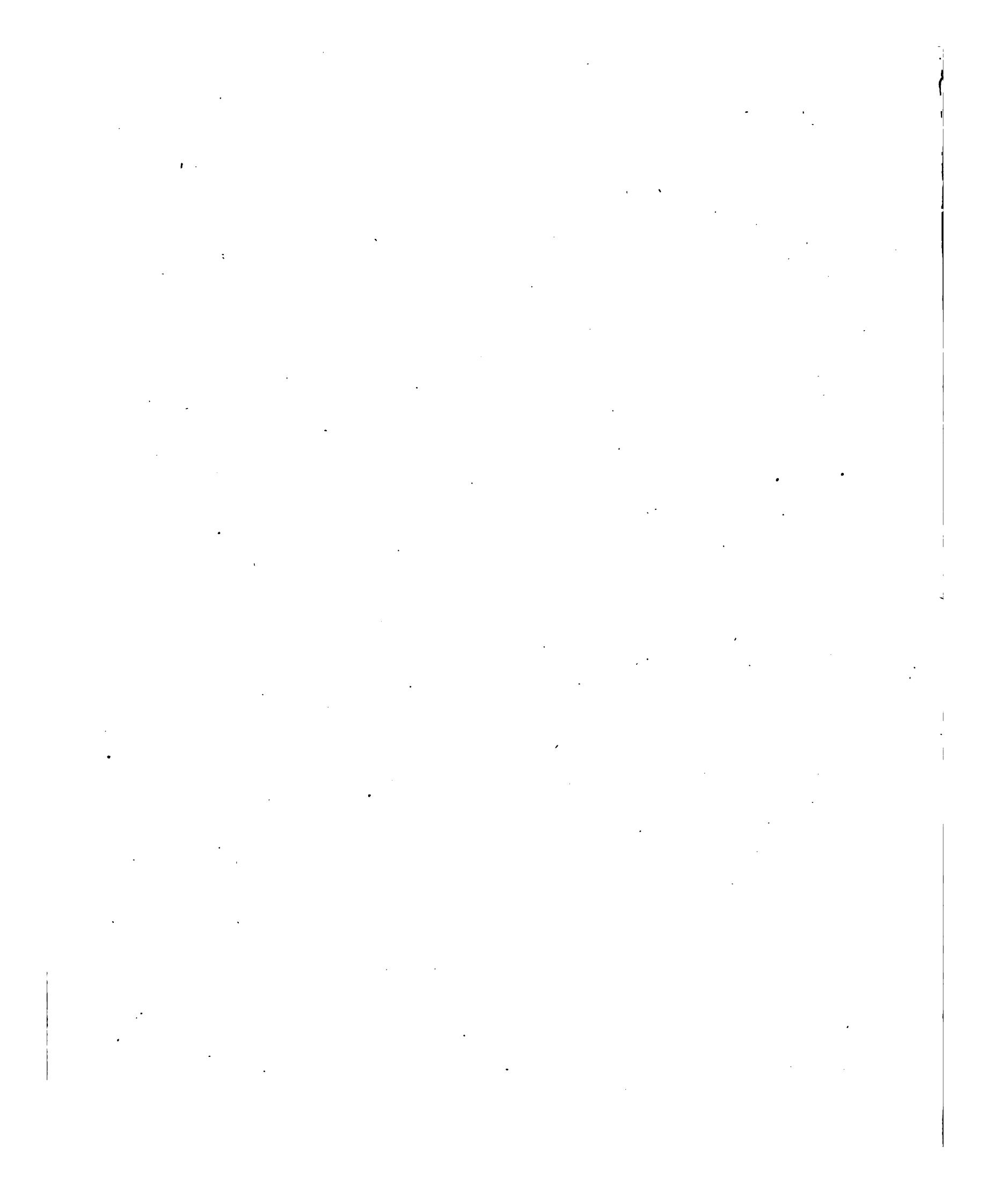
But *Acre*, guarded by a Patriot-Train  
 Of *Britain's* Sons who plough the subject main, }  
*Gallia's* proud Legions long had storm'd in vain.  
 First mid this Band of *British* Heroes shone  
 Intrepid *SIDNEY*, Valour's fav'rite Son !  
 He strove to animate their gen'rous zeal,  
 He bade them brandish the defying steel,  
 The Soldier's duties with the Sailor's blend,  
 Containn the num'rous Foe, and *Acre's* wall defend.  
 Nor cou'd NAPOLEON's utmost art succeed  
 To tempt our Warriours to th' embattled mead ;  
 And when the Town his skilful Troops assai'd,  
 Oppos'd to *British* prowess nought avail'd.  
 At length the CHIEF, by fruitless toils deprest,  
 Invokes Despair to animate his breast ;  
 Resolves some daring, desp'rare mean to try,  
 And quickly conquer, or as quickly fly.  
 The mean is tried—but proves, like others, vain,  
 BRITANNIA's hardy Sons the Town maintain ;  
 Whilst envious Rage and Disappointment urge  
 His secret passage thro' the foamy surge  
 To *Gallia's* shores, where, civil broils afford  
 A tempting harvest to the Villain's fword:—

Ambition's

Ambition's vaulting flame resistless burns  
 Within his breast as swift towards *Gaul* he turns,  
 Leaving victorious SIDNEY to declare  
 The glorious issue of the *Syrian* war.

Heroic SIDNEY, hail ! immortal Fame  
 To distant ages shall record thy name ;  
 BRITANNIA's Genius to thy worth shall raise  
 A tow'ring monument of deathless praise,  
 And Honour's hand around thy temples braid  
 A wreath of laurel that can never fade !





## CANTO II.

**T**RIUMPHANT, mid the varied spoils of war,  
See crimson CONQUEST whirl his plamy car !  
On his stern brow the laurel'd helmet beams,  
Wide from his hand a tatter'd Ensign streams ;  
He casts his trophies at BRITANNIA's feet,  
Whilst thus his words the martial Virgin greet :

“ Behold that Banner ! long believ'd by all  
Yon flying Legions of presumpt'ous *Gaul*  
*Invincible*——behold the Vet'ran-Band,  
Who wav'd that Banner o'er *Italia's* Land,  
To thy bold Sons the palm of glory yield,  
And prostrate lie on *Afric's* blood-stain'd field !”

Thus he, exulting, spake, when hoary *Nile*  
Submissive bow'd to *Albion's* distant Isle—  
Then all was joy—but joy, in scenes below,  
Too oft' is mingled with the cry of woe.  
The sun of Vict'ry flam'd with dazzling light,  
Yet soon was clouded o'er by Sorrow's Night,

For

For ABERCROMBIE fell——supremely brave,  
 He gain'd, in Honour's field, a glorious grave—  
 Whilst Thousands hem'd him in on ev'ry side,  
 Whilst from his heart flow'd fast the vital tide,  
 Each selfish dread of private danger lost,  
 Dauntless he pres'd upon the *Gallic* Host ;  
 With nervous arm still dealt the deadly blow,  
 And hurl'd destruction on the trembling Foe :  
 He broke their ranks, he drove them from the plain,  
 And fix'd on *Egypt's* shore BRITANNIA's reign.  
 Exalted Chief ! thy deeds, for ever great,  
 Will mock pale Envy's frown, and Age's date ;  
 And when the Youth, who seeks in arms a name,  
 Shall ask a model to direct his aim,  
 In rapture young, his hoary Sire shall cry—  
 “ Like ABERCROMBIE live, like ABERCROMBIE die !”

Whilst yet a Nation's grateful sorrows flow,  
 Whilst yet is heard the voice of public woe,  
 O let the Muse a recent loss deplore,  
 And mourn ANOTHER WARRIOR, now no more !  
 Who, mid tumult'ous scenes of Indian strife,  
 Like *Egypt's* Victor, conquest won with life ;

A man in war so dreadful, yet so mild  
 When dove-ey'd Peaoe on his lov'd Country smil'd,  
 That o'er his tomb th' afflicted Virtues bend,  
 And weep the Patriot, Brother, Husband, Friend !  
 E'en *Ganges'* swarthy Sons lament his fate,  
 As Men adore him, tho' as Foes they hate.  
 To worth like this, shall BRITONS then deny  
 The gen'rous tribute of one heart-felt sigh ?  
 No—he, a deathless monument shall find  
 Grav'd on the living tablet of each mind.

LORDS of the vanquish'd *East* ! WHOSE hands have shed  
 Valour's just guerdon o'er th' heroic DEAD,  
 Thanks well-deserv'd, in †MAXWELL's name, receive ;  
 'Tis all the Poet, all the Friend can give !

And thou, *Brigantium's* DUKE !\* in WHOM combin'd,  
 Dwells ev'ry princely feeling of the mind ;

† LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MAXWELL, who fell in India, in the glorious Battle of *Assye*, September 23, 1803.

*Quidquid in illo amavimus, quidquid mirati sumus, manet, mansurumque est in animis hominum, in eternitate temporum, FAMA REVERUM.*

TACITUS.

\* The ancient Name of York.

WHOSE

WHOSE kindred Spirit mourns the fallen Brave,  
 WHOSE pow'r has recompens'd beyond the grave ;  
 O, cou'd the youthful Bard to THEE impart  
 The warm effusions of a grateful heart,  
 Then shou'dst thou hear that praise to goodness due,  
 And own, tho' faintly sketch'd, the portrait true !

Again, my Muse, to hapless *Gallia* turn,  
*Gallia* condemn'd a TYRANT's sway to mourn !  
 Let even-handed Justice temper Rage,  
 Let truth's bright lustre beam thro' ev'ry page,  
 Let her this ruthless TYRANT's paths pursue,  
 And bring his ev'ry thought to public view !  
 'Tis done !—Lo ! vile Hypocrisy's disguise  
 Falls, and reveals his heart to mortal eyes !  
 Thus fades the murky mantle of the Night  
 When saffron Morning streaks the east with light.

On *Gallic* Land arriv'd, NAPOLEON view'd,  
 With fated breast, the retrospect of blood ;  
 Whilst fell Ambition's prospects met his eye  
 Attractive, brilliant as the noon-day sky,  
 Save, when the silent Monitor within  
 Wou'd speak, to Fancy's ear, his course of sin,

And

And urge this sick'ning truth, that soon must come  
 The day when nought is left us but the tomb ;  
 When AN ALL-SEEING EYE will surely scan  
 The deeds, or good or bad, of trembling Man.  
 These thoughts wou'd press ; but these cou'd scarce impart  
 A transient sting to his obdurate heart ;  
 For, 'spite of Earth and Heav'n, with daring hand,  
 He swore to grasp the ensigns of command,  
 Usurp the reigns of empire, and advance  
 Despotic RULER of distracted *France*.  
 But still this specious Son of Darkness knew  
 Well to conceal his deep-laid plans from view  
 Beneath Compassion's garb ; to scatter woe,  
 Yet, by the act, some noble impulse show ;  
 To mould, as serv'd him best, the pliant State,  
 Yet seem to snatch it from the jaws of Fate ;  
 Nay, well he knew—(infernal skill !—) t'appear  
 Tho' barb'rous, pitying, and tho' false, sincere.  
 Around the crowded Chamber of debate,  
 In which Suspense, with equal balance, sat,  
 He plac'd the Soldier-Minions of his pow'r,  
 To wait the issue of the coming hour ;

Then,

E

Then, ent'ring singly, with determin'd mien,  
 Approach'd the rostrum, calmly view'd the scene,  
 And, whilst each tongue was silenc'd by surprise,  
 He sternly bade th' astounded Statesmen rise.  
 Quick, as he spake, their daggers gleam'd around,  
 But, quicker still, his Soldiers entrance found ;  
 Thus, (contest impotent, remonstrance vain)  
 The Statesmen pass'd, a fullen, silent Train !  
 So did bold CROMWELL seize the rod of sway,  
 ( When CHARLES to Rebel-force a Victim lay ; )  
 So did he, sternly pointing to the door,  
 Command our Senators to meet no more.

This deed atchiev'd, NAPOLEON rules o'er all  
 The former Tyrants of devoted *Gaul* ;  
 Yet rules not willing Slaves, for oft' a groan,  
 Lest they shou'd make *Egyptia*'s griefs their own,  
 Breaks on the gloomy DESPOT's startled ear,  
 And mingles with his cup the dregs of fear,  
 But soon he drowns the plaintive voice of woe  
 By gaudy pageants and theatric show ;  
 Soon tempts the light *Parisians* to advance,  
 And join the mazes of the merry dance ;

Commands

Commands the music of the sportive lyre  
 To banish thought, and laughing joy inspire ;  
 And bids the viol, and the soft-ton'd lute,  
 The tinkling cymbal, and the mellow flute,  
 The breast of dull Despair herself to warm—  
 Where is the Wretch sweet music cannot charm ?

Well-pleas'd, NAPOLEON saw his scheme complete,  
 Saw Tyranny and Joy together meet ;  
 Saw his gay Subjects snatch the passing hour,  
 And triumph'd in the fullness of his pow'r.  
 But guilty Greatness, curst e'en here below,  
 Virtue's fair Handmaid, Peace can never know ;  
 This, the proud CONSUL found—for scarcely gain'd  
 His giddyng height, his long-form'd wish attain'd,  
 When Death's keen shafts, with desp'rate fury hurl'd,  
 Effay'd to plunge him in an unknown World.  
 By Patriot-Breasts, which heav'd with just disdain,  
 At *Gallia*'s tame submission to his reign;  
 A dread machine was fram'd—disastrous plan !  
 Since Heav'n decreed his crimes a longer span.  
 In a sequester'd street, conceal'd from view,  
 By none suspected, save a chosen few,

This dread machine was plac'd, surcharg'd with fate,  
 Th' unconscious Tyrant's near approach to wait :  
 He came, but safely pas'd—exploded high,  
 The iron globes rush'd whizzing thro' the sky ;  
 They flam'd—they fell—they scatter'd instant death—  
 Then did sweet Innocence resign her breath,  
 Whilst blackest Guilt escap'd !—Man, weak and vain,  
 Dare not, O dare not Heav'n's decrees arraign !  
 But meekly view, in that eventful hour,  
 Th' unerring hand of an ALMIGHTY Pow'r,  
 Who deigns, for ends beyond our ken, to spread  
 His ample buckler o'er NAPOLEON's head.

Uninjur'd—to the domes of state return'd,  
 The CONSUL's breast with fierce resentment burn'd—  
 Revenge he vow'd—nor brake the vow once made—  
 Too soon he bar'd the executing blade ;  
 And in his real shape unblushing stood,  
 Sordid, suspicious, thirsting after blood.

SUSPICION ! eldest Progeny of Hell,  
 I mark thy meagre form, thy visage fell ;

Thy

Thy creeping step, thy eager lynx-like eyes,  
 The dagger which within thy mantle lies ;  
 The host of Fears which all thy paths attend,  
 And the keen torments which thy bosom rend.  
 Thou com'st—and smiling Peace for ever flies ;  
 Black Phantoms from her parting footsteps rise !  
 Thou look'st—fair Friendship wings her Seraph-flight,  
 And Love flees swift, disgusted at thy sight ;  
 Thou speak'st—and Envy, Malice, Hatred scowl,  
 Enflame the passions, darken all the foul—  
 Thou, like a fever, burn'st with deadly heat,  
 And tear'st weak Reason from her tott'ring seat ;  
 Thy vengeance falls alike on Friends and Foes,  
 Thou know'st not, nor can ever know repose.  
 Full oft', curst Demon ! at thy gory shrine,  
 NAPOLEON bows, and owns thy pow'r divine.  
 The crowded prisons, each succeeding day,  
 Are op'd their tributary blood to pay :  
 Some Victims, sentenc'd in the mine's dank womb  
 To toil unceasing, find an early tomb ;  
 Others are doom'd to pine in endless night,  
 Mid loathsome dungeons far remov'd from light ;

And

And others forc'd to leave their native shore,  
 To view their Friends and Families no more,  
 No more to taste the sweet delights of home,  
 But o'er uncultur'd wastes lone Exiles roam.  
 And lest some hand, strong-nerv'd with patriot-zeal,  
 Should draw, in *Gallia's* cause, th' avenging steel,  
*Circassian* squadrons hem the CHIEF around,  
 That CHIEF, once val'rous, but who now is found  
 To dread a look, and tremble at a sound. }

As when a bark, by furious whirlwinds torn,  
 Has long, at random, o'er the deep been borne,  
 Her harrais'd Crew, of ev'ry gale the sport,  
 Pant to behold and reach the wish'd-for Port ;  
 Thus *France*, alike distress'd by foreign wars,  
 Tyrannic rule, and dire domestic jars,  
 With ardour longs to bid Contention cease,  
 And moor her vessel in the port of Peace :  
 Nor longs in vain—for well NAPOLEON knows  
 His curule chair is compass'd round with Foes,  
 Whom Peace alone can quell—to woo the Maid  
 Behold his subtlest energies display'd.

BRITANNIA listens—suff'ring Nature smiles,  
 VULCAN awhile reposes from his toils ;  
 Discord is bound by Charity's strong chain,  
 Sweet Peace resumes o'er earth her halcyon reign,  
 Whilst Plenty, by the hand of Commerce led,  
 Once more uprears her long dejected head.

Again NAPOLEON triumphs—ev'ry Foe,  
 Who sought to lay his new-grasp'd sceptre low,  
 Is fled—loud-echoing shouts of grateful praise  
 His toil-worn Subjects to their RULER raise ;  
 Whilst Monarchs, trembling at his wide-stretch'd sway,  
 With adulation's voice their homage pay ;  
 His dread decrees with tame compliance hear,  
 Nay, bend beneath their rod from selfish fear.  
 And as the waves their steady progres keep,  
 O'er the green bosom of the briny deep,  
 Till from remotest *India*'s shores they roll  
 To unknown lands beneath the northern Pole,  
 Thus, fierce NAPOLEON's pow'r, from State to State.  
 Extends, 'till o'er the world his word is fate,  
 Save where BRITANNIA's ensigns proudly fly,  
 And *Gallic* pow'r, and *Gallic* craft defy.

Behold

Behold the Swiss, who, mid eternal snow,  
 Stranger to wealth, alike unknown to woe,  
 From dire ambition free, and civil strife,  
 Holds the plain tenour of his blameless life ;  
 Sweet is his rest, he rises with the day,  
 Gay as the lark, and innocent as gay ;  
 From morn to eve he hews the rugged wood,  
 Or, o'er the mountain hunts his daily food ;  
 And when grey Twilight bids bright Sol retire,  
 Joins his lov'd household round their cheerful fire,  
 Where sweet domestic joy, (on this side Heav'n  
 The purest happiness to Mortals giv'n,)  
 Unclouded reigns, and fills his guileless mind  
 With melting charity for all Mankind.—  
 Yet, when NAPOLEON wide has stretch'd his reign  
 O'er Holland's shores, and fair Italia's plain,  
 Bent the proud Spaniard to his will, and broke  
 The sluggish German to his galling yoke,  
 His eyes he turns to the poor Herdsman's cot,  
 And envies Switzerland her peaceful lot;  
 Nay, draws relentless the deep-blushing blade  
 Her unoffending hamlets to invade.

What

What Fury fways thy fierce, inhuman breast,  
 And stamps thee, gloomy TYRANT, Fiend confest ?  
 Canst thou not spare the spot where loves to dwell  
 Meek Virtue's self, the Peasant's lowly cell ?  
 Think'st thou *Helvetia*'s Offspring will behold  
 Their country ravag'd, their poffessions fold ;  
 Nor grasp the sword to guard their little all,  
 And bravely vanquish, or as bravely fall ?  
 Soon do'st thou find this slender Patriot-Band  
 Prepar'd thy dire invasion to withstand—  
 But numbers conquer—and the rocky space,  
 Where Freedom long has held the foremost place,  
 Becomes a RUFFIAN-DESPOT's helpless prey.  
 Mourn, *Gallia*, mourn that curst disgraceful day !  
 The wretched Swiss, tho' hem'd around with Foes,  
 Boldly lament their prostrate Country's woes,  
 And, raging, spurn their chains—with shame replete,  
 Thousands resolve to leave their native seat,  
 And seek, on foreign shores, fome shelt'ring cell  
 Where, in sweet Freedom's arms, they yet may dwell.  
 But O, what sighs their tortur'd bosoms heave,  
 When their lov'd Country, once so bleſt, they leave !

Let Fancy's eye behold, from some tall brow,  
 A hoary Herdsman view the Vale below—  
 Hark, how he mournful cries—“ Blest Land, adieu !  
 For the last time this scene ador'd I view—  
 Behold yon tufted trees—there stood my cot—  
 Fierce Desolation now has mark'd the spot ;  
 There fled my earliest days, those days of joy,  
 Those hours of bliss untainted by alloy !—  
 Behold the tree, it stands e'en now the same,  
 On which, in rustic pride, I carv'd my name !  
 Beneath yon aged oak, which still uprears  
 Its giant head, and mocks the lapse of years,  
 Oft' did I lead the dance, what time on high  
 The moon majestic rode along the sky ;  
 There did I tell the tender tale of love,  
 And there, with her I worship'd, us'd to rove ;  
 When, blest with all my soul held dear below,  
 I knew no crime, nor ever tasted woe.  
 But earthly bliss is transient—sorrow came,  
 And quench'd, for ever quench'd joy's short-liv'd flame.  
 Our only child, who, with his Cherub-smiles,  
 Was wont to cheer us in our daily toils,

Th' Invaders murder'd—impotent to save,  
 I bore him bleeding to the silent grave—  
 And as misfortunes, such the will of Heav'n,  
 Seldom, to Human-kind, are singly giv'n,  
 My Wife, sweet Partner of my ev'ry care !  
 Bent 'neath th' o'erwhelming load of mute Despair ;  
 And as an earth-worin gnaws the beauteous rose,  
 Cank'ring each tender blossom as it blows,  
 Till unperceiv'd it hastens to decay,  
 Hangs its afflicted head and dies away ;  
 So, when deep sorrow prey'd upon her bloom,  
 She inward pin'd, and sank into the tomb.  
 I saw the deadly tortures of her soul,  
 I saw the bitter tear unbidden roll,  
 I heard the deep-drawn sigh, but half supprest,  
 I mark'd the dreadful heavings of her breast—  
 Dire was the struggle—many a live-long night  
 Her pangs, which like her virtues shun'd the light,  
 Burst forth without controul—yet morn arose  
 And found her calm and patient in her woes.  
 The last dread struggle came—the hour drew nigh  
 When clos'd for ever was her tearful eye ;

Yet, ere her spirit took its final flight  
 To gain, on Seraph-wings, the Realms of light,  
 She press'd my hand and cried—"Weep not for me!  
 My tow'ring Spirit shortly will be free,  
 And mid resplendent Hosts of Angels rove  
 To find our Darling in the World Above.  
 Yet one sharp pang assails my freezing heart—  
 From thee, my Best-Belov'd, from thee to part!—  
 But thou wilt follow—I will point the way,  
 And guide thy steps to everlasting day.  
 Forget me not, when the cold hand of Death  
 Has stop'd, as soon it must, my short'ning breath;  
 For I have lov'd thee, and I love thee now  
 As when I made my willing, nuptial vow;  
 Farewell, my Love!"—The fault'ring accents hung  
 On her parch'd lips, and died upon her tongue.

Now a sad Exile, aged and forlorn,  
 From ev'ry tie of fond affection torn,  
 I leave my native mountains, far to roam,  
 And seek on foreign Land my last long home.  
 But if, *Helvetia*, time shou'd ever part  
 Thy much-lov'd image from my aching heart,

If

If I prefer not these rude rocks that rise  
 In hoary grandeur 'bove th' inclement skies,  
 E'en to those climes where spring eternal reigns,  
 And with perpetual verdure decks the plains,  
 May Heav'n forget me in my feeble age,  
 Nor guide my footsteps thro' life's last drear stage !  
 Lov'd rocks, farewell ! these hapless eyes no more  
 Shall your deep clefts and wond'rous grots explore—  
 Again farewell !”—Strong sobs his bosom heave,  
 Big tears fall fast upon his tatter'd sleeve ;  
 And, as his feet adown the mountain wind,  
 “ He casts one longing, ling'ring look behind.”

*Helvetia's Conqu'rour !* if thou canst behold  
 Such mis'ries as the sorrowing Muse has told,  
 Nor breathe one tender, one repentant sigh,  
 Nor let one iron tear bedew thine eye,  
 There's not a curse—But hold !—Invective's vain !  
 Let the vile WRETCH pursue his impious reign—  
 Then, mark his end—then, hear his groans arise,  
 Polluted incense to the frowning skies—  
 Then, mark the tortures of his mind, and trace  
 Their sharpness in his wild, distorted face—

Tortures

Tortures to which, those pains that Poets tell  
PROMETHEUS suffers in the depths of Hell,  
Whilst vultures rend his entrails, are as nought ;  
Tortures too strong to bear, too much for thought !  
Behold the death-bed of this mighty Man,  
When, to its utmost goal, his race is ran ;  
And then must Pity, spite of justice, warm  
Each feeling Breast, and Rage herself disarm ;  
Then must we cry, whilst soften'd Nature bleeds—  
“ May such pangs expiate e'en his blackest deeds !”



### CANTO III.

*wildly*  
SEE ! from the deepest, darkest gulps of Hell,  
DISCORD bursts forth, with horrour-breathing yell ;  
Infuriate, see ! her new-forg'd chain she breaks ;  
A blazing torch in either hand she takes ;  
Her flaming eye-balls widely glare around,  
With deadly scorpions are her temples bound ;  
She stalks in tatter'd blood-stain'd robes array'd,  
Whilst from her bosom gleams the murd'rous blade.  
Hark, how she frantic laughs ! then, shrieking loud,  
From their dank dungeons calls a grisly Crowd.  
In haste BELLONA mounts her gory car,  
“ Cries, havock ! and lets slip the dogs of War.”  
The Furies swift obey their kindred Queen,  
And Death, grim-smiling, bounds the dreadful scene.  
DISCORD transported, bids each blessing cease,  
And bursts the bands of Charity and Peace ;  
Then cries, exulting—“ Fiends of Hell, advance !  
Destruction calls us to the shores of France ;  
Thence shall my direst thunder-bolts be hurl'd,  
And scatter mis'ry o'er a groaning World.”

She

She smiles malign—Th' obedient Band of Night  
 To *Gallia's* empire wing their baleful flight ;  
 There *DISCORD* rears on high her snaky crest,  
 And darts its venom at *NAPOLEON*'s breast.  
 Strait he resolves *BRITANNIA* to provoke,  
 Unsheathe the sword, and bend her to his yoke ;  
 Calls her unfaithful, arrogant, and base,  
 And vows extermination to her Race.  
*WHITWORTH*, on thee, in insolence of pow'r,  
 He pour'd his goading taunts each passing hour ;  
 Nay, dar'd revile thy *KING*—Man, ever vain,  
 Oft' looks with scorn on Worth he cannot gain !  
 But thou, humanely cautious, wisely cool,  
 Did'st all thy wounded feelings nobly rule,  
 Till *Albion* bade thy long-pent anger flow,  
 And once again proclaim her *Gallia's* Fee.

*BRITANNIA* now, with a reluctant hand,  
 Roots up the olive which had bles's'd the Land  
 So lately—honest indignation fires  
 Her hardy Sons—one patriot with insp'ries  
 Each ardent Breast, her spotless fame to guard,  
 And give injurious *France* a just reward.

The

The gen'rous Mastiff thus, will lamb-like prove,  
 If tam'd by gentleness, and sooth'd by love;  
 But use him harshly, quick his passions rise,  
 And all the lion flashes from his eyes.

NAPOLEON's vast flotillas, at one blow,  
 Now threat to lay BRITANNIA's sceptre low;  
 His camps wide-spreading line the sea-beat coast,  
 And thus proclaim aloud their empty boast :  
 " Let Æolus restrain his fiercer pow'rs,  
 And, ere two fans descend, proud *Albion* shall be ours ! "  
 Vap'ring how vain ! ---shou'd *Gallia* print this Land,  
 A fword wou'd brighten in each *British* hand,  
 Hurl quick destruction at th' Invader's head,  
 And heap th' embattl'd shore with mounds of Dead.

YE, who, compell'd by no coercive laws,  
 Stand forth the Champions of your Country's cause,  
 Who, skill'd to raise the dome or till the field,  
 By Freedom taught the fword of warfare wield ;  
 Who erst, when *Gallia* threaten'd to invade,  
 Beat the dull plough-share to the bick'ring blade ;

G

Who,

WHO, whilst your hearts heav'd high with patriot zeal,  
 Swore to protect BRITANNIA's noble weal ;  
 To you, the Muse her votive off'ring brings,  
 To you, the youthful Poet boldly sings ;  
 And cou'd one spark of that celestial flame  
 Which guides YOUR footsteps to immortal fame,  
 These languid strains with patriot warmth inspire,  
 " And rase to extacy the living lyre,"  
 Then, shou'd my hand courageous sweep the string,  
 And all YOUR worth and all YOUR valour sing ;  
 Then, if these strains shou'd live, might distant shores  
 From *Tanais'* stream to where wide *Ganges* pours,  
 Imbibe YOUR spirit, loud YOUR praise proclaim,  
 And unborn Ages deify YOUR name.  
 As the gay lustre of the morning light  
 Transcends the brightness of the Queen of Night,  
 As the resplendant sun's meridian blaze  
 Transcends the humble taper's modest rays,  
 So does a Warriour who *spontaneous* arms  
 To shield his native soil from War's alarms,  
 Surpasse those Soldiers who, *compell'd*, advance  
 Unwilling Champions of tyrannic *France*.

Can Soldiers so compell'd by hated laws  
 To draw the sword in an USURPER's cause,  
 Can they 'gainst Men who fight for more than life,  
 A Friend belov'd, a Child, a faithful Wife,  
 Can they 'gainst Men thus trebby arm'd succeed ?  
 Can they such Men to abject bondage lead ?  
 Wou'd BRITONS see the PRINCE their hearts obey,  
 The gracious ALFRED of this latter day—  
 Distraction's in the thought !—slow drag the chain  
 Beneath a foreign Despot's hateful reign ;  
 In feeble age condemn'd perhaps to groan,  
 Mid dungeons dank, unfriended, and alone ?  
 Wou'd they behold their Daughters torn away  
 To foreign Realms, their Wives the Ruffians' prey ;  
 Their smiling pastures to a desert turn'd,  
 Their Ports dismantled, and their Cities burn'd ?  
 No—not till *Britain's* Navies cease to reign  
 Triumphant o'er the subjugated main,  
 Not till old *Thames* shall pour a crimson flood,  
 And all his banks o'erflow with human blood,  
 Shall *Gaul* succeed—and then, like him, whose blade  
 Gor'd the fair bosom of the Roman Maid,

The Sons of *Britain*, rather than behold  
 Their Wives polluted, and their Children sold,  
 Wou'd plunge them headlong in the roaring wave,  
 Then, desp'rate fight, till the wide-yawning grave  
 Shou'd ev'ry Man from *Ga*llie bondage save.

As the strong vessel which the wild winds urge  
 Sweeps in proud grandeur o'er the foamy surge,  
 And whilst huge billows lash her thick-ribb'd sides,  
 Secure within herself uninjur'd rides,  
 So, *Britain* braves each furious gasconade,  
 And, strong within herself, demands no foreign aid.  
 Soon is NAPOLEON taught our wrath to dread,  
 Soon are our Fleets before his harbours spread ;  
 His armies vainly threat to cross the deep,  
 His vast Flotillas in their Ports we keep ;  
 His commerce ceases, and his coffers fail,  
 Whilst murmurs vex him, and dark plots assail.  
 Foil'd in his fav'rite plan, 'gainst foreign Foes,  
 Yet thirsting still for blood; his anger rose  
 'Gainst the small Remnant of the BOURBON Line,  
 Whose fairest Branch, at Hell-born Murder's shrine,

He fought to immolate—th' historic page  
 Records not, in the most barbaric age,  
 A crime so hateful, yet enlighten'd *France*  
 Allows her gloomy **TYRANT** to advance  
 This further step in ill, and brave **ENGHEIN**,  
 Whose breast was spotless Virtue's chosen fane,  
 By arts e'en Fiends might blush at, to ensnare,  
 On neutral ground, beneath a Sov'reign's care.  
 Shame on the Prince who thus is Treach'ry's Tool !  
 Shame on the People who endure his rule !

As **SATAN**'s self off' willies to appear  
 In semblance winning, and in honour clear,  
 So fell **NAPOLEON** seeks some specious plea  
 To varnish Murder—foul Conspiracy  
 He feigns at work, swards **ENGHEIN** is her Chief,  
 And claims, from *Gallic* justice, quick relief.  
 Yes—if firm fealty to a lawful Lord  
 Can merit dungeons, tortures, and the sword,  
**ENGHEIN** deserv'd his fate, and all the Brave,  
 Who perish'd with him, met a well-earn'd grave.

Deep night prevail'd—Nature, with trembling hand,  
 Shock'd by this deed of horrour, o'er the Land  
 Her blackest mantle threw—the deep-mouth'd bell  
 Toll'd heavy, for it toll'd a Hero's knell.—  
 By the dim taper's glimmer, forth was led  
 The youthful Victim, soon to join the Dead.  
 Silence reign'd awful, save when Zephyr's breath  
 In sighs obtruded on this scene of death.  
*Italia's* Soldiers hem'd ENGHEIN around ;  
 He look'd ; no GAUL amid the Band he found,  
 Then cried—“ High Heav'n, I thank thee ! for, this time,  
 My Countrymen have 'scap'd a damning crime,  
 Since I by foreign hands shall fall.”—This said,  
 The Murd'wers fir'd—the Prince's spirit fled.

Ill-fated Youth, farewell ! tho' sculptor'd bust  
 And trophied urn are rais'd not o'er thy dust,  
 Thy name shall live ; and oft', when pensive Night  
 Has chas'd the dazzling day-star's garish light,  
*Gallia's* admiring Sons shall seek thy grave,  
 Drop virtuous tears, and cry—“ HERE LIES THE BRAVE !”

Nor less, O PICHEGREU, shall thy fate remain  
 On fell NAPOLEON an eternal stain ;

Since

Since Truth indignant fears not to reveal  
The secret murder he wou'd fain conceal.

Had'ft thou, MOREAU, but borne a nobler part,  
And spoke those thoughts which mark a Hero's heart,  
Then, wou'd true Patriots still thy worth revere,  
And hand it down, to future ages dear.  
Why forfeit fame to win a short reprieve ?  
Disgrac'd, condemn'd thy native Land to leave,  
Soon will thy spirit be by Treach'ry sent  
Where thy more noble Comrades freely went.

Tho' last not least, blest Shade of GEORGES arise,  
And shine in noon-tide splendour on our eyes !  
Thou, tho' imprison'd in a Tyrant's pow'r,  
Expos'd to taunts and tortures ev'ry hour,  
Didst scorn his rebel-rule, and, day by day,  
For thy true Monarch's restoration pray ;  
E'en Freedom's self, by mean submiffion earn'd,  
At an USURPER's feet, thy virtue spurn'd ;  
Nay, when at length the fatal morn was come  
When thou wert sentenc'd to the silent tomb,

Who

With saint-like calmness, with undaunted mien,  
 Thy eyes beheld the horrour-kindling scene,  
 To Heav'n thy thoughts, by Fervour wing'd, arose,  
 Nor ask'd for vengeance on thy murd'rous Foes ;  
 And, as thy bosom press'd the block of death,  
 " God shield my King !" thou said'st—then swiftly fled thy breath.  
 Heroic GEORGES ! till time exist no more,  
 Shall ev'ry loyal Heart thy name adore.

DISCORD's curst woof is wove, her work complete ;  
 The blood of BOURBONS bathes NAPOLEON's feet !  
 But fell HYPOCRISY, his earliest Guide,  
 The Helmsman who, thro' Fortune's changeful tide,  
 His vent'rous vessel steer'd to Empire's goal,  
 With new and deeper guilt pollutes his soul.

Decades full long had occupied the place  
 Which erst a weekly sabbath serv'd to grace ;  
 Each seventh day too much was deem'd for Heav'n,  
 Each tenth suffic'd, and grudgingly was giv'n :  
 But conscious that the bold, excursive mind,  
 In Fealty's bands no human laws can bind,

Unaided

Unaided by Religion's potent fway,  
 NAPOLEON bids his People learn to pray,  
 And once more give to God each seventh day ; }  
 The sacred Cross with ardour strives to rase,  
 Commands the Priests to celebrate his praise ;  
 Nay dares himself, amid the Monkish Train,  
 Approach THE KING OF KINGS' neglected Fane.  
 He varies quick, ungoaded by Remorse,  
 Religion's garb, as Fortune turns her course ;  
 Thus, warring on *Osiris'* blood-stain'd shore,  
 The Crescent, as a specious mask, he wore,  
 Became a Mussulman in proceſſ due,  
 Stamp'd on the Cross, and swore the Koran true ;  
 To Gaul return'd, the Cross he can revere,  
 In outward show a Catholic austere ;  
 Yet be—O need the Mule the rest narrate ?  
 An Infidel, whose only God is Fate.  
 Thus the Camelion, sporting in the shade,  
 Appears in garb of grateful green array'd,  
 Beams with bright yellow in the funny ray,  
 But still in fact retains its native grey.

Each Rival vanquish'd, by the weak decree  
 Of a weak Senate, falsely titled free,

Behold the wily CORSICAN advance.  
 Acknowledg'd EMP'ROUR of degen'rate *France*.  
 Aided by foreign Myrmidons, array'd  
 In all the ermin'd pomp of vain parade,  
 He comes—his abject Senate crowd around,  
 Bow at his feet, and meanly kiss the ground ;  
 Then, as the Parasites obsequious rise,  
 Extol his worth, and laud him to the skies.  
 Next, struggling with Disease, bow'd down by years,  
 The Monarch of the triple Crown appears,  
 (From Life, and all her tinsel glare, unwean'd,)  
 To sanction Guilt, to dignify a Fiend !

Spirits of Papal Fathers ! ye, whose throne  
 Erst 'bove the proudest temp'ral Monarch's shone,  
 Who, at your footstool saw subservient Crowns,  
 By smiles who pardon'd, and who damn'd by frowns,  
 Behold your Successor, to virtue dead,  
 Anoint this vile, this ARCH-APOSTATE's head !  
 Can ye repress your grief, your scorn, your rage,  
 Nor blot the impious deed from Clio's page ?

The Priesthood now, this black example giv'n,  
 By pray'rs unhallow'd tempt the wrath of Heav'n,

NAPOLEON'S

NAPOLEON's eulogy unblushing sing,  
 And bid the Temples with Hosannahs ring.  
 Yet, tho' his brow a diadem adorns,  
 Th' USURPER finds it thickly set with thorns ;  
 His word is pledg'd Destruction's shafts to pour  
 At frowning *Albion*'s ocean-guarded shore—  
 “ Set on !” he cries—his Navies crowd the Port,  
 His Legions thicken in the Camp and Fort ;  
 BRITANNIA's sceptre must become his own,  
 Or *France* may hurl him from his new-rais'd throne.  
 Fearful alternative ! for if he dare  
 Insult our confines with the din of War,  
 He falls—and who his after-fate can tell ?—  
 It fits not Man on such a thought to dwell.  
 Thus, when a Sailor off *Calabria*'s shore,  
 Hears *Scylla* and *Charibdis* near him roar,  
 In silent terrore o'er the prow he bends,  
 Destruction threats, for Death on both attends.

Whilst dread Suspense, worst torture Guilt can know !  
 Converts NAPOLEON's every joy to woe,  
 Let us, in conscious virtue firmly bold,  
 His fam'd Flotillas and strong Camps behold.

See !

See! slow-descending from celestial spheres,  
 Mild UNANIMITY's fair Form appears !  
 Her placid brow the palm and olive bind,  
 Round her white wand two serpents sleep entwin'd ;  
 Worth, Wisdom, Valour, her sweet voice obey,  
 And Conquest follows where she leads the way ;  
 O'er Albion's shores, behold, she waves her wand,  
 To Albion's shores conducts her willing Band—  
 The clarion sounds—an adamantine chain  
 She throws around BRITANNIA's Warriour-Train,  
 That Warriour-Train, who, fir'd by patriot-zeal,  
 Spontaneous swore with life to guard BRITANNIA's weal.

God of our Fathers ! hear thy Suppliant's pray'r !  
 O make THIS NATION thy peculiar care !  
 And when the battle flames, when, thro' the sky,  
 The leaden deaths in loud-tongue'd vollies fly,  
 From us avert them, turn them on our Foes,  
 And, to their might, THY mightier arm oppose !  
 For those Protectors of their Country's laws  
 Whom thou shalt doom to perish in her cause,  
 O may their blood that grateful country save,  
 May they obtain th' ambition of the Brave,  
 A crown that fadeth not in Realms beyond the grave !

**FINIS.**

*Woolmer, Printer, Exeter.*

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